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No. 1

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The Register

VOL. LV

NOVEMBER

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1935

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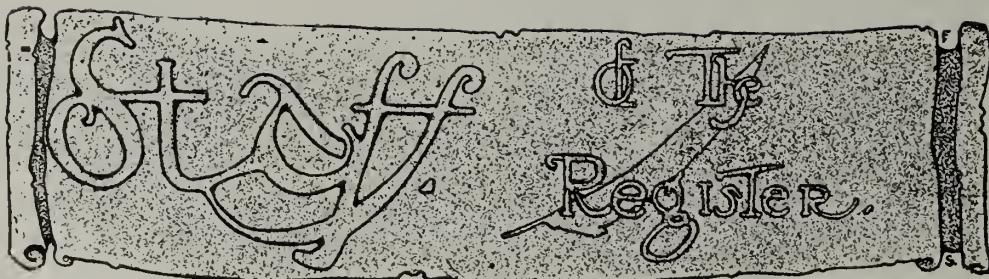
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PROLOGUE

The haze of a surprisingly lengthened summer vacation has turned to the more sombre hues of fall and school days. Once more there are the eager, energetic newcomers; once more, a hardened senior class views itself with self-approbation and then remarks how "tempus fugits". Again the building resounds to the tramp of students and scholars. Things have changed, are changing, will change. There are new difficulties to overcome, new dangers to face, and new opportunities to seize. And the Latin School swings into the three-hundred-and-first year of an unbroken and glorious existence.

At the risk of being trite, we offer a *Register* intended to be new and different. We wish to impress the student body with the age-old fact that this magazine of ours is maintained as *their* representative, not as the organ of a select and intellectual few. We realize how unapproachable the "perfect state" is, how altogether difficult it is to create a school paper with general appeal. It is, therefore, our aim to have the *Register* cater to as many as pleasingly as possible.

Let us repeat, as *Register* Staffs have repeated for fifty-odd years, that the student body bears a greater responsibility than the necessity of paying a subscription fee. Don't let your school spirit stop with the payment of that dollar. There is no use in expecting an appealing magazine when the support which is the life of that magazine is lacking.

So get going, fellows! Make use of your talents. There is need of more articles, stories, poems, essays, drawings—anything at all suitable for publication in a high school magazine. Let it be remembered, though, that *The Register* has adhered to a high standard ever since its founding, and that this standard shall not be let down.

How about some *real* support for a *real* magazine? We can make this a banner year!

A. C., '36.

A NEW BEGINNING

The three hundredth anniversary celebration of the Latin School is over. We, who are in the school at the present time are very fortunate to have been able to see or even take part in the thrilling depiction of the last three hundred years. I wonder how many of us fully realize how lucky we are in being able to say, thirty years from now, "Why yes, I was going to the school then," or, "I was in the pageant myself, I didn't have a very big part, but . . ." The class of '35 was fortunate in being able to have all the privileges and enjoyments of an anniversary class, but are we not also fortunate in being able to make a new beginning along the same road that Latin School has travelled so long? A milestone has been reached and passed, but does that mean that we should slack until another milestone comes in view, and does it mean that we should feel ourselves overshadowed and humbled by the importance of last year? The class of '35 had the honor of closing a century of the school. That century is gone, all its records—its failures, successes, and triumphs are a thing of the past. We find a new book open at page one. It is for us to see to it that the beginning of the new book does not discredit the ending of the old, and that the Latin School starts off a new century as well or even better than it ended the last one, and that no blot mar the first page of a new start of the Latin School.

Julius N. Ludwin, '36

In Memoriam

JOSEPH DUNSTAN JORDAN

of

the Class of 1938

whose gentle spirit drew all hearts to him; and who has left us at once the richer for having known him and the poorer for his passing away.

William J. Reycroft

Discredit

In the death of Mr. William J. Reycroft the school has lost one of its most valuable masters, a young man who in his brief years of service here became conspicuous for his simple dignity, his fine idealism, and his conscientious devotion to all his duties.

Latin School will long cherish the memory of William Reycroft. His work in the classroom was always most thorough and efficient, performed with the modesty and sincerity of genuine scholarship and of a rare and remarkably pleasing personality. Students enjoyed being in his classes and profited far beyond the limits of the subject they were studying. Masters who caught glimpses of his workmanship were invariably led to greater friendliness and to deepened sincerity in their daily work. His life here cannot fail to remain as an abiding fragrance in the hearts of all.

Mr. Reycroft was a loyal and generous friend, unfailingly kind, charitable, tolerant. Possessed of a splendid courage and a magnificent patience in suffering, he was yet to all a sympathetic, tactful listener and a good counselor. He charmed everybody with his noble manliness and gentle, sincere nature. It was a high privilege to know him, and his memory will not quickly pass.

MILLS OF THE GODS

Pinky cast an appraising eye at the desk sergeant's gold watch and, seeing he was watched, shifted his gaze to a particularly cracked spot in the ceiling.

"Well, Pinky," said the desk sergeant, "you're out of here, finally. You oughta be ashamed of yourself. Thirty-four years old, and nineteen of those, at one time or another, spent in the hoosegow. Try not to be back here for another two weeks, at least. We're a bit crowded as it is."

Pinky shuffled out docilely, sniffed of the October air, and headed for the direction of Soapy's Flop-House on Canal Street. His brain throbbed with a noble motive: he was to go straight.

* * * *

Pinky tumbled out of the small cot in Soapy's Flop-House, and after putting himself to rights, he shuffled out. Along Canal Street, Fate and the Three Witches caught up with Pinky. Destiny directed his small eyes to a spot in the gutter where the falling leaves had not buried an object generally familiar to him.

He picked it up and opened it. Inside it the gods of chance had deposited seventy-five dollars in bills and twenty-nine cents in obsequious change. On a card which bore the heading of identification there read in modest type:

John Smith, Esq.

As you may have surmised, it was a wallet. Go on, dear reader.

Pinky stopped at the "John Smith" and pored over the "Esq." This negotiated, he continued:

Room 637, Smith Building,
New York, N. Y.

Fate had dropped a red herring in Pinky's path. For a moment he was

tempted to confiscate the wallet and thus insure himself many more luxurious nights at Soapy's Flop-House. The noble motive bore down on his eyebrows. He was to go straight! For nineteen years, at one time or another, he had gazed at the monotony of striped costumes. He had determined to go straight!

Pinky clenched his fist and bit his tongue. Once more he looked at the accusing notations on the identification card. Then, with a firm step, he shuffled off to the Smith Building.

* * * *

John Smith, despite his name, was unusual. A maroon wart, perched on the bridge of his nose, seemed to challenge all other maroon warts. His nose, too, was peculiar, for it sloped convexly down to its middle and then curved violently off-centre. John Smith took his wallet graciously. Casting an affectionate glance at Pinky, he plunged his hand into the wallet. He produced a crinkly twenty-dollar bill and handed it to Pinky.

"As a reward," said John Smith.

* * * *

Somebody seemed to be patting Pinky on the back. Whispered praises sounded in his ear. He ambled on to Ike's Pawnshop, that blot on the fair walk of Eighth Avenue.

"Pardon me," said Pinky, "have youse any good clothing? Would ya show them to me? I want to buy some."

"Most coitainly," replied Ike in his best Sixth Avenue accent: "I would be glad to show you some good clothing for little money. Here's one with stripes."

"I don't like stripes," said Pinky, and his ears grew red.

"Well," said Ike, "here's one without stripes. Try the coat on. Hmm. . . . It fits you poifectly."

"I hope youse is right," said Pinky. "Can you change a twenty?"

"Most coitainly," smirked Ike, and he took the bill. Suddenly his face changed color. "You stay there," said Ike, "and I'll be with you in a minute."

* * * *

Pinky cast an appraising eye at the desk-sergeant's gold watch, and his

hands twitched suggestively.

"Well, Pinky," said the desk sergeant, "so you're back again. And on a charge of passing a counterfeit bill. Boy, can't you stay out of jail?"

"I tell youse," said Pinky, "a guy named John Smith gave it to me."

The sergeant's face reddened.

"Yeah", said the sergeant, "could you tell me whether his wife was named Pocahontas?"

"I didn't see his wife," said Pinky.

Arthur Cantor, '36.

K. O.

Butch's hopes were realized. No atmospheric disturbance presaged the day, and rightly so, for he himself was discouraged at the close of that eventful afternoon. In Mr. Taylor's heart was a passionate, insatiable desire for fame. The soul of this two-hundred - pound ex - All - American tackle was not fired by ambition; nay, rather he longed for the praise and the life of a hero that had been his eight years before.

'Twas a sultry August "dog-day". Butch twisted the wheel of the prowler car and directed the vehicle down into the inviting coolness of the garage under Headquarters.

"Whew!" he observed sagely as he switched off the ignition.

"Whew!" echoed "Al" Jacobs, Butch's "travelling companion."

Taylor slid out from behind the wheel and placed his bulk on the running board.

"The next flat is all yours," Al declared, wiping beads of perspiration from his forehead as he spoke.

The reply, "I pick cool days to fix 'em," was immediately followed by a

roar of laughter. Butch was still chuckling when a blue-uniformed figure—rifle in hand—shouted, "Robbery—City National!"

"That's ours," moaned Al; "we gotta go."

The big fellow gave vent to a fervent curse.

Al took the wheel, kicked the starter, and followed after the car that bore the riot squad. Big Butch, who had tumbled in beside his brother officer, made no effort to disguise his feelings: for the woebegone look on his face betrayed them to even the most casual observer. He removed his revolver from its holster, examined the weapon, and then proceeded to bemoan his ill-fortune.

"Attention all cars," a voice nasally droaned from the loud speaker beneath the dashboard. "City National holdup car last seen travelling eastward on Lakeshore Boulevard. The leader of the bandit trio is believed to be Arthur 'Killer' Carson. All three are armed. Take no chances."

"Makin' pretty good time," remarked Al. "Wonder why those yeggs

ain't goin' West? Carson's from Colorado, I think."

"Dunno."

"Oughta tell us what kind of a car they got."

"Hot!" ejaculated the big fellow.

"We better try and cut 'em off in case they double back."

"Oke," grunted Al's forlorn partner, who now slumped even more dejectedly.

The "prowl-car" left the main thoroughfare and traversed back streets until it had quitted the congested downtown district. The route, which on the map would resemble the devious wanderings of a chess-knight, was almost deserted, and was testament of Al's boast, "I know this (censored)- town like the palm o' my hand." Al chose this moment to announce their destination.

"We'll wait at the next stop light."

"Shouldn't of come so far. Now we'll have to stop them—Too near city limits. 'Sa lot easier to chase 'em."

"Don't I know—"

The police broadcaster interrupted, "Attention, all cars. Be on watch for a blue 1931 Columbus sedan. It is City National holdup car. A blue 1931 Columbus sedan probably bearing Illinois license plates. One of the bandit trio is badly wounded. There may be only two occupants. We have the description of none but the bandit leader, Arthur Carson. He is five foot ten inches tall, about one hundred and fifty pounds, sandy hair, blue eyes, and left-handed. That is all."

For several minutes neither spoke.

Al broke the silence with, "Say, stupid, there's a blue sedan followin' us with a blonde bozo in it. Take a peek."

Clumsily, the big fellow scrambled into the back seat. After a hurried

glance at the other machine, he belellowed, "They're tryin' to pass.—Cut 'em off—quick."

Al tugged at the wheel; the car swerved to the left and came to a sudden stop. The driver of the blue sedan had no choice; he halted his automobile, too.

Butch alighted, strode over to the supposed bandit car, and ordered the two suspects to "get out and keep your hands up," as he flourished his weapon menacingly.

The blonde stranger (who certainly resembled Carson) complied. The driver flatly refused. Butch was dismayed to find anyone who deliberately disobeyed him, who failed to recognize his hitherto undisputed authority when he brandished a loaded revolver. Then—

Carson, for it really was he, struck the gun from Butch's hand, and without the least hesitation, he added insult to injury by personally conducting his sparring partner *pro tempore* into the "Land of Nod" with a left uppercut. One-two-three-four-

Before rejoining his comrade, the fair-haired villain made a momentous decision; namely, that his exit must be dignified and unhurried. In order to facilitate this orderly retreat, the rascal fired a shot into the left rear tire of the patrol car. Thus the vehicle was rendered *hors de poursuite*, as it were.

Al first gaped, and then under his breath he muttered, "Where is that rod of mine?"

* * * *

"What hap- ? Oh, yuh. Ooo!"

Certainly Butch had nothing to say to the gallery of curious onlookers; and less still did he reply to the queries of the indomitable, insistent, in-- infernal newshounds.

The incident was found to be "a shocking example of the inefficiency and laxness which pervades the entire police department of our fair city." Having made this truly auspicious commencement, the "epicures" (editors), who feast on just such dainty morsels of news, having slightly altered the "distorted" version, would relate the "true" story. Needless to say, the tale was hardly the original "rolling stone", for it was carefully augmented and embellished at the discretion of various unknown authors before it graced ye gourmet's column.

The several editorials unanimously agreed on but one point: that although Butch had not volunteered, he was nominated and elected to play the part of goat in the drama.

* * * *

Denver, Col., Oct. 19 — Arthur "Killer" Carson was shot and killed here this afternoon by Federal operatives. Carson, one of the West's most notorious bandits, drew a gun when surprised in his luxurious apartment,

but was immediately laid low by a fusilade of government bullets. He held his automatic in his right hand, surprising to say, for the gangster was known to be left-handed. Upon examination of the body, it was revealed that Carson's left index finger, his trigger finger, was broken. The splint on this finger, G men disclosed, was the only positive means of identification by which they traced his flight from the daring robbery he recently perpetrated in Chicago.

* * * *

Every dog or goat has his day.

Chicago, Ill., Oct. 21 — Patrolman Edgar "Butch" Taylor, former college athlete, and now a member of the local police department, today received a reward of \$500 for being instrumental in the capture of the late Arthur Carson, the widely sought criminal, who was shot and killed in Denver on Tuesday of this week. Taylor, a rather modest fellow, declined to state just what part he played in the drama.

Perhaps Butch smiled.

Eugene G. McAuliffe, '36.

LATE NEWS FLASH

Election for senior class officers resulted as follows:

President: John I. Fitzgerald
 Vice-President: Joseph Finkelstein
 Secretary: Francis X. Shannon
 Class Committee:
 Chairman: Allan J. Joseph
 Sumner E. Turetzky
 Arthur H. McDevitt
 Alfred W. Altman
 Stephen L. Hughes
 John F. O'Brien

STAGE, SCREEN AND GALLERY

Sumner E. Turetzky, '36

(This department is in the nature of an experiment. The Register feels that there is a large group of boys, with various cultural activities, who would be pleased to have these interests represented. We have, therefore, started this column in the hope of reaching these groups. It is not expected that any one boy will care for the entire column, but many should find single items that will appeal to them.)

It should be very interesting to see just how much dust will be stirred up when Sir Cedric Hardwicke's "Peg of Old Drury" hits this city. This picture has just been finished in London under the direction of Herbert Wilcox, and, according to all indications, will be as great a success as "One Night of Love." It will have Sir Cedric as David Garrick, in highlights of Shakespeare's "The Merchant of Venice" and "Richard III" and in Ben Jonson's "The Alchemist." Like the above-mentioned picture that sky-rocketed Grace Moore to fame and made the "peepul" admit that opera wasn't really as bad as they had imagined, this is calculated to unveil the mysteries and beauties of the Bard to a public, a large part of which has never seen a legitimate play.

Another celluloid Shakespeare that has all the theatrical world agog is Max Reinhardt's "Midsummer Night's Dream." All Britain is talking of American accents now, and lamenting the fact that the English studios had not seen fit to undertake

this first series Shakespeare, which they regard as properly theirs. Can you imagine "Jimmy" Cagney as "Bottom"? Incidentally, Hollywood is now grooming Norma Shearer for "Romeo and Juliet."

* * * *

Did you hear the Boston Symphony perform Sibelius' "Second" for its opening program? Mr. Koussevitzky, a close friend of Sibelius, is universally regarded as the foremost interpreter of his works. His presentation of the *Second Symphony* was superb, and thrilled musician and layman alike. The first three movements may be a trifle obscure to the uninitiated, but the last movement is one to set your blood racing and send little shivers cavorting up and down your spine. It is highly dramatic, and the slow rise to the glorious climax in the brasses is something never to be forgotten. Musical Boston is now waiting impatiently for Mr. Koussevitzky to put on the *Finale* of Beethoven's "Ninth" with the *Schola cantorum* and a quartet from the Metropolitan. It ought to be something to tell your grandchildren about!

* * * *

Have you seen Manet's "Kneeling Monk" at the Museum of Fine Arts? It is on exhibition now, on the second floor, at the far end of the corridor at the head of the stairs. Although Manet was really a member of the French Impressionistic School, this remarkable canvas, with its extraordinary vitality and simplicity of line, is strongly suggestive of Velas-

quez. The cast of the features is strangely Oriental, and one can, in the stillness of the gallery, almost hear the *paters* and *aves* slipping from the thin bearded lips. This is one picture that really *must* be seen.

On the left, incidentally, are the rooms of the standard French impressionists, Degas, Dauzier, Matisse, Monet, and Cézanne are found here, along with works of contemporary Americans. No matter what one's opinion of Impressionism, an afternoon here will prove very well spent.

* * * *

Boston dramatic circles are still buzzing with excitement over their one week of George Gershwin's folk opera, "Porgy and Bess." Adapted from Dubose Heyward's play "Porgy", a story of Negro life in Charleston, S. C., it has overnight become one of the most talked-about performances on the American stage. It is an appealing story of appealing

people, but the story itself is only a small part of the performance — so small, in fact, that a short summary of the plot is given on the program. The really important part of the opera is, of course, the music, which, by the way, took Mr. Gershwin two years to compose. Fugues, arias, and canons tumble gaily into our ears in modern trappings; and the performance, as is the rule in grand opera, is sung all the way from overture to finale. It was rather a change for most of us to hear opera in English, but the beauty of the vocal parts fully justified this seeming impropriety. The orchestral score never seemed to be any more than incidental music, but many of the vocal selections will obtain a very wide popularity, and some are definite contributions to American folk melody. The intrinsic value of the score can be judged only by future generations, but "Porgy and Bess," whatever its faults, is well worth seeing.

INSANE

In the dank dark I watch my ghosts
Flutter and float—
Mealy-mouthed, muttering, mumbling
hosts
That tear at my throat.

See how they follow my faltering feet
With their tenuous cry,
Reliving the curse of the broken word
And the knowing lie.

Shackled, I shriek to the deafened
night—
"Let me forget!"
But the night-wind kindles the lasting
light
Of dead regret.

Here life is death, and here nothing
else
But death can be had;
Back of my bars let me moan to the
stars
For my soul is mad.

Arthur Cantor, '36.

BLACK SALOME

The club dinner had been particularly good, and we all retired to the wide, cool verandah overlooking the moonlit first tee. The glowing ends of our after-dinner cigars threw faces into sharp relief. Gorham, as usual, was the first to break the silence. We listened with satisfaction, for his stories were unfailingly interesting.

"Today," he said, "I was talking to Tilton, the new partner in the firm. He was laughing about this murder case the papers are full of—the one about punishment being visited on the third generation. Tilton is a young man, and I don't blame him for laughing; but I know of a case that I shouldn't believe myself if I hadn't seen it.

"Now, I suppose I've told you men of the job I once had in the circus, but I don't recall telling you how I came to quit that job."

Gorham relit his cigar and continued, "There was a lion trainer, or tamer, in our show. He was of circus family. His name was 'Teddy' Lewis, and he was called 'Signor Alonzo Moncellini' on the billboards. He was a good animal man. He knew them and he treated them square, and that's the only way to treat animals, dogs or lions.

"Course I wasn't much in that show—kind of a clean-up boy and a general roustabout, but I always helped Teddy when the act went on. I carried extra blanks and a whip and a chair and things of that nature. So Teddy and I were good friends, and we ate together in the big feed tent. He always boasted about his father—what a quick eye and what sure feet he had when he was in the cage with the big 'cats'. And he'd tell me about

his grandfather, who, he claimed, was the first man to venture into a ring with more than one lion since the days of the Roman gladiators. But 'Teddy' always ended his spiels on a queer note. He'd tell me about a black lioness his grandfather had killed. But when he'd tell me about that lioness, he wouldn't be boasting. I could see that even the idea of killing one of the beasts, especially the rare black lioness, sort of turned his stomach.

"One day, in my youthful ignorance, I asked 'Teddy' why the old man had killed the lioness. Teddy uttered some sound between a sickly laugh and a groan and said, 'I guess the old man was drunk.' I could see the thought was bitter wormwood to him.

"My second season, we wintered in a little town in Mississippi. One day the big boss, Walker, came over to where I was cleaning up some slops and Teddy was overlooking a rigging job, and I heard him say to Teddy, 'Boy, we're made! We're booked to open in the Big Town this spring. The Hippodrome, boy, right in old New York. And if that ain't enough, I got another surprise—a black kitten for ya. She's raw as they come and she's black as night! You'll get the big billing this year!' The boss was all excited, but Teddy only said, 'Fine.' And I guess he got pale at what he was thinking.

"The cat arrived in about a week and Teddy started to work on her; she was mean, and I guess Teddy had plenty on his mind when he named her 'Salome'. He worked hard to train her. Training animals is no soft job, and this tabby was about the wildest

creature on four feet, and Teddy was getting more and more nervous. Salome must have known it, because she suddenly did an about-face and became as docile as a lap-dog. She got on her pedestal without a snarl or a side glance through her flaming pupils."

Gorham paused as a waiter came out with tinkling glasses, and Harry Minot stood up and said, "Here's a toast to Salome, our black lioness." We all laughed and drank—all except Gorham. He set his glass down untouched.

"Gentlemen," he said, "in the spring of 1913, Walker's Combined Three-Ring Circus and Mammoth Animal Show opened in the dusty old Hippodrome in New York City. I was as thrilled as anyone in the audience that night, as I stood in my official capacity of clean-up boy outside Teddy's big iron cage.

"Walker walked to the center of the arena and barked, 'LADEEZ AND GENTULMEN! Walker's Mammoth Animal Show now preesents, for the pleasooor of each and every one of you, the greatest animal act in historee! Signor ALONZO MONCEL-LINI in the Den of Wild Beasts weeth SALOMEE, THE ONE AND ONLEE BLACK LIONESS IN CAPTIVI-TEE!'

"The big spotlights were concentrated on the cage. They pierced through the blue fog of tobacco smoke and rested on Teddy Lewis, resplendent in a dazzling white uniform.

Teddy was nervous. With a ruffle of drums, the animals poured into the cage through their small covered passageway. As Salome glided in, a very noticeable shiver rippled through the crowd. Teddy didn't take his eyes off the black. He looked to his gleaming little pistols, his whip. With a swift movement, he yanked open the door and bounded into the center of the cage.

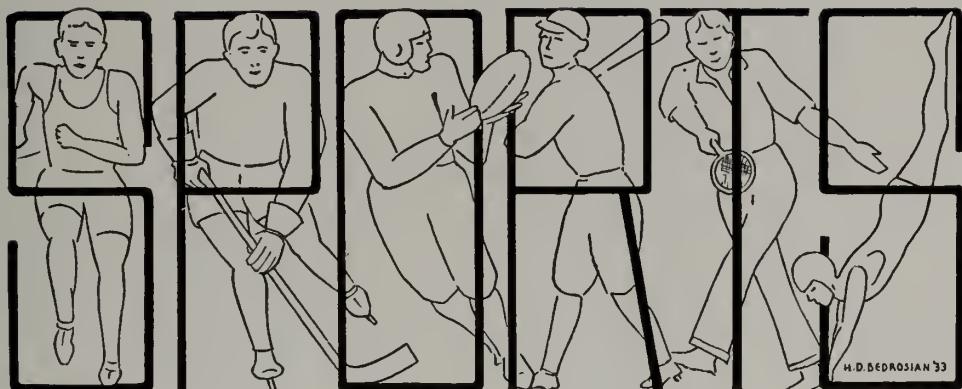
"The routine went well. All the cats behaved, even Salome. They trotted in formation and leaped bars and swayed to music from the band. Teddy worked like mad; the sweat rolled from him in streams. The finale, getting all the cats on pedestals! His eyes darting, his feet dancing, Teddy seemed like an animal himself, and still Salome seemed to sleep. With a final snap of the whip, the last cat settled on her haunches. Teddy began his backward trip to the gate, cautiously, slowly, nearer and nearer that little iron door.

"Salome's lids drooped lower. Teddy took one more backward step, whirled and had the door half open before Salome leaped. His falling body shut the gate—thank God!"

Here Gorham picked up the untouched drink, drained it, and added, "And that, gentlemen is how I happened to give up the circus as a career. After those cats had been herded out of the cage, there remained a clean-up job that I just couldn't bring myself around to doing."

Wilbur Doctor, '36.





THE FOOTBALL MEETING

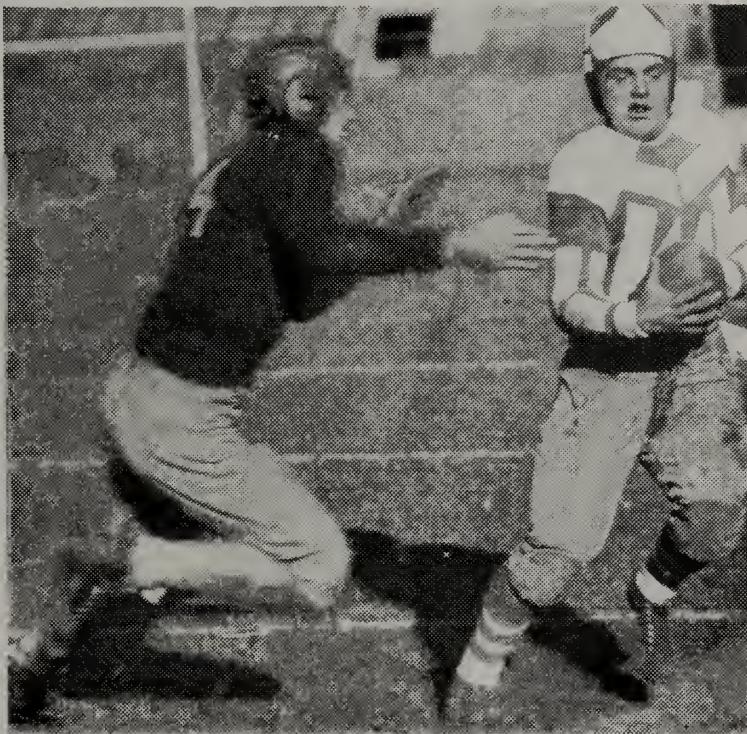
The Boston Latin football season was officially opened on Tuesday, October 1, when Coach Fitzgerald called out the candidates for the team and an enthusiastic group of boys answered him. The coach immediately outlined plans for his young pachyderms.

The outlook for this year is most

encouraging, because there is a large number of lettermen returning, along with many fine-looking prospects.

Those present at the meeting who were on last season's squad were Capt. Tully, Mitchell, Histen, O'Hare, Finklestein, Plackter, Gorman, W. Murphy, J. Murphy, and Garrity.

James M. Kean, '36.



THE TEAM

1935



Courtesy of *The Boston Herald*

B. L. S., 19—Roxbury Memorial, 0

Unleashing a powerful running attack and a smooth passing combination that registered time and time again for long gains, a well-drilled Latin School club could do no better than tie Roxbury Memorial for the first two periods of their game and then sweep "Tom" Campbell's boys off their feet, pushing over three scores in the last half to win 19-0, at Fenway Park on Thursday, October 17.

The first half, with the exception of "Doc" McVey's brilliant runbacks

of Memorial punts, was devoid of thrills, with each team looking for an opening and resorting to defensive football.

The real action, however, began in the third period. Latin kicked off to Memorial, but when two line thrusts failed to dent the impregnable Purple line, the Memorial quarterback tried to punt out of danger. Histen broke through the line to block the kick, Latin taking the ball on the Memorial 23-yard line. McVey and "Bill" Murphy carried the ovoid to the 11-yard marker for a first down. A pass, Gorman to Finklestein, was good

enough to take us to the "3", from which point Bjorklund cracked off tackle to score standing up. Bjorklund rushed the point after, and Latin was leading 7-0. Latin kicked off once again, Cooke running the ball into his own "34". A pass from Croatti intended for Lanata was intercepted by "Bill" Murphy and lugged back to the Memorial "40". Bjorklund made a first down to the Memorial "22". A pass, this time McVey to Finklestein, moved the pigskin up to the "8", and Bjorklund hit right guard for the second score to put Latin out front, 13-0.

As the fourth period opened, Coach Fitzgerald sent in the scrubs. Not to be outdone by the regulars, the Purple Junior Varsity immediately blocked a kick and recovered on the Memorial "35". Carrying out their assignments almost like "pros", the "subs" used only four plays to run up Score No. 3. A pass from Walsh to elongated "Jack" Beatty was good for 25 yards to the "10", two line smashes netted three yards, and then Walsh tossed to "Jake" Murphy, who garnered the ball in on the goal line and scored. The game ended shortly after.

Trouncing Memorial

Dick Lawler, a member of last season's squad, was one of the linesmen "Tom" Campbell must have enjoyed watching one of his players letting the ball roll into the end zone without trying to down it. . . . The cheering from the Latin stands was noticeable by its absence. . . . Why, the boys couldn't even raise an echo. . . . When McVey made a couple of swell run-backs, the more ardent followers started talking about shades of McLaughlin. . . . "Red" Tully, wearing his new helmet, brought back to the writer memories of the "Black Secret", once a wrestler of note. . . . The game marked the beginning of a new rivalry, since it was the first time that Latin played Memorial. . . . The Memorial boys thought that Mitchell was on their team because he was in their backfield all the game. . . . "Bill" Histen showed the assemblage that he hasn't forgotten how to block punts. . . . The line should be strengthened considerably with the return of Ajauskis and Dacey, both of whom were stars of last season's great eleven. . . . The Latin replacements came in so fast and numerous that the boys were playing once with twelve of them on the field at once.

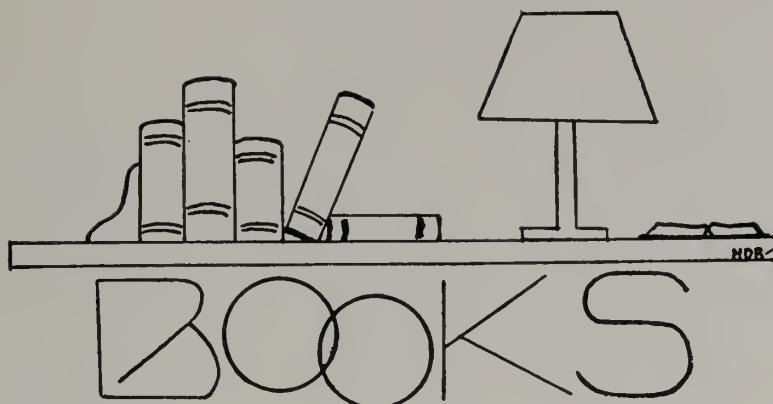
DROPS FROM THE SHOWERS

If the team does not win the title this season, it cannot blame it on lack of hard work. Every player is working faithfully with the coach. . . .

Judging from the practice sessions thus far, Elmer Crehan and "Joe" Finklestein should be among the leading wing-men of the city this season. . . .

With McVey and Bjorklund roaming about in the backfield, the old fight should be kept in the team. . . .

On October 9, the squad engaged in a scrimmage. As was expected, the playing was not any too good. However, the scrimmage served its purpose for the coach—as several players discovered the next day when they returned their equipment. . . . At last the boys have a field of their own to practice on. The location is out in Roslindale and the field is Fallon Field. . . . Jack Beatty is fast developing into a first class end. He is big and fast and should go places. . . . Harry Gorman is a born passer. His large hands present him this advantage over the others. . . . "Flash" Walsh would make you believe that you were watching Harry Newman the way he cavorts about the greensward. . . . You didn't know that we have a promising young Thespian among our football celebrities, did you? He is none other than Coach "Fitz", who took the lead in the extravaganza presented by "Bill" "English High" Ohrenberger out at University Heights the eve of the B. C.-Michigan game. . . . Connie McGrath is threatening to break into the first string line any day now. . . . The new hoods are not only warm, but they are very natty looking. . . . Little or nothing is ever heard about the tireless horde of managers, so this column is going to take time out to tell you just who these fellows are. Bill Muldoon, '36, is the varsity manager and his aides are at present "Red" Callahan, '37 and "Skeets" Ryan. . . . The scrubs journeyed out to Milton, the town made famous by Coach Fitzgerald, to scrimmage with the Academy boys. . . . Checking over the Football Guide for this season, we came across the name of Mr. Cannell. He is listed as a member of the E.F.A. (The Eastern Board of Officials Football Association.)



Within seventy years after his death, Lincoln has become the central figure of the American folk-legend, a legend as wide in its scope and implications as are those of the Arthurian cycle. In "The Lincoln Legend", Roy Basler discusses the treatment of "Father Abraham" in biography, poetry, fiction, and art from 1863 to the present, and traces the development of the hero-myth from the veneration period of 1860-1863, through the folk-god phase after the assassination, up to the Messiah conception of the 20th century. The spirit of Lincoln hovers about the head of each one of us; our moralists beseech us to pause before each decisive deed and contemplate his apotheosized career; our poets set the ghost of Lincoln walking at midnight when the world is wracked with bloodshed; our politicians, while they rake in their ill-gotten gain with one hand, wave the other aloft and ask us to consider what Lincoln would have done under similar circumstances. His influence, like his genius, is universal. His hero-worship has become too deep-rooted a part of American life to be evaded. "The popular idolatry of Lincoln still exists," writes Mr.

Basler, "and even the legends which biographers have exploded continue to pass current in popular literature."

Without malice Basler exposes the legendary interpretations of Lincoln's early life. Nancy Hanks is discussed at great length, while his stepmother, Sarah Johnston, is completely ignored. The discouraging Lincoln honesty and studiousness is easily disposed of; the rail-splitting and violent hatred of slavery are dismissed as exaggeration. The Ann Rutledge love affair becomes a mere episode in Lincoln's frontier life.

So far as literary value goes, the poets have made the greatest contribution to Lincoln literature. For outside of Sandburg's "Prairie Years", with its epic treatment of the Lincoln theme, and Drinkwater's "Abraham Lincoln", there are no artistic Lincoln-inspired prose works. The mass of novels is largely mediocre, with Winston Churchill's "The Crisis" perhaps the best of the lot. Of the poets Walt Whitman is pre-eminently united with "The Savior of the Union." The popular "O Captain, My Captain" and the elegiac "When Lilacs Last in the Dooryard Bloom'd," inspired by an appreciation of Lin-

coln's character rather than of his accomplishments, are among Whitman's greatest efforts. Lowell's great Lincoln tribute was part of the "Harvard Commemoration Ode" with its last line acclaiming Lincoln as "The birth of our new soil, the first American". Among the moderns we find Robinson's "The Master," Lindsay's "Abraham Lincoln Walks at Midnight," and Stephen Vincent Benét's "John Brown's Body."

So reads "The Lincoln Legend". with Basler not a debunker but a literary scientist, burning with an intense admiration of the real Lincoln," the quiet man who generally bent all his powers to the vindication of certain principles," the genius who still "smiles and remains impenetrable," contributing an important work to the endless flood of Lincoln's literature.

* * * *

Here's an interesting item from England! "Owing to its dangerous condition, an old mill on the bank of the River Trent at Gainsborough was recently demolished. It was the mill about which George Eliot wrote in "The Mill on the Floss." . . . If you too desire to escape from the swarm of realistic literature that now overwhelms us, John Masefield has written a couple of "jolly yarns" of the sea that quickly transport the reader from this turbulent and depressed world into an imaginative one of romance and adventure. "The Bird of Dawning" and "The Taking of the Gry" are the two books. The first is a tale of the China Tea Trade during the clipper-ship era, and the other is a story of political rumpus and piratical adventures in South American waters. For autumn reading there's nothing better. . . . Commenting on

the number of new books that are hailed in these strange times, as "immortal masterpieces," a British publisher remarked that recently the rate of infant immortality in literary circles has been appalling. . . . In "Derby Day and Other Adventures" A. Edward Newton has deserted his familiar bibliophilic ground. Although this latest volume consists largely of travel essays and impressions, those who enjoyed the bookishness of "End Papers" and "The Amenities of Book Collecting" will be sure to find in "Derby Day" the same Mr. Newton, with his comments ranging, this time, from bibliomania to dog-racing. . . . And just to prove that poets have more than their share of common sense (sometimes), here's a bit of rhymed advice that, written in the 1700's, may prove useful, even to worldly Latin School Seniors, in these days of impending proms, formals, and farewell dances:

Why so pale and wan, fond lover?
Prythee, why so pale?
Will, if looking well can't move her,
Looking ill prevail?
Prythee, why so pale?

Why so dull and mute, young sinner?
Prythee, why so mute?
Will, when speaking well can't win
her,
Saying nothing do't?
Prythee, why so mute?

Quit, quit, for shame! this will not
move,
This cannot take her;
If of herself she will not love,
Nothing can make her:
The D——l take her!

Harry E. White, '36.



THROUGH THE YEARS WITH
THE "REGISTER"

October, 1900: "We are pleased to inform our readers that another gentleman has been added, in the person of Mr. William K. Norton, to our very efficient corps of teachers. Mr. Norton is a Latin School man, having graduated with the class of '84. He graduated from Harvard with the class of '88, and became an instructor in the Watertown High School from '88 to '89. He was sub-master in the Lawrence High School from '89-'91, and then became principal of the Nute High School, Milton, N. H., which position he held from '91-'96. He was sub-master of the New Bedford High School from '96-'00. Mr. Norton is an old editor of the "Register".

October, 1910: "No," declared Peyton Furbush positively, "it is absolutely no use for you to talk automobiles to me any longer. My mind is made up, and I shall hang onto my horses a little while longer anyway." *How times change, tsk, tsk, tsk. . . .* "Class I is stronger than ever before. Three rooms can scarcely hold it!"

Watch us grow!" Class I is stronger than ever before. Seven rooms can hardly hold it! Watch us grow! . . .

"Instead of requiring only 45 per cent in our studies in order to pass, it has now been announced that 50 per cent is now necessary. Some fellows have not yet got over this—the announcement, we mean, of course!" *That's right, some haven't. And I'm not so sure we mean the announcement!* *Humor, latest 1910 model:* "First day of school: Ggbzzzz! — 'Look out for the hornet, fellows!' — Ggbzzzz! — 'It's an auto!' — Ggbzzzz! — 'It's an airship!' What do you think of those new telephones, anyway?" Or—" 'And her luxuriant wealth of hair' — 'Aw, rats!' " . . . "Robert Treat Paine, the noted philanthropist, who passed away a few weeks ago, at Waltham, was a B. L. S. graduate. He was the great-grandson of Robert Treat Paine, a Latin School boy, the signer of the Declaration of Independence."

October, 1925: "This year school started much later than in previous years, the actual date being Tuesday,

September 15. The enrollment reached a total of 1427, which was slightly more than last year. Many new boys have been seen wandering about in the corridors in the past few weeks; we hope that they will do as well in the next few years as their predecessors have done in the past. Their size leads us to believe that the interval between periods will soon be lengthened to enable them to get to their periods on time. . . .”

“The Class of '26, mighty, yet giddy Seniors, were cast by a revolution in their programs into a confusion that lasted for almost a week. Nonplussed, perplexed, seeking a haven from the storms of their doubt, they wandered about the corridors already filled with members of the lower classes whose courses had been affected by the change. The routine of Class I had been assailed, carried by storm, and burned on the pyres of confusion.

Seniors were distinctly at loss, and all this because there were too many fellows desirous of the austere position of Senior. The four Class I rooms were filled to overflowing; fellows sitting on the edge of the instructors' platforms balanced themselves precariously. At this critical period in the early senior history of the Class of '26, there came the order to transfer; a new division of the Senior Class was being formed. Irregular programs abounded, a thing heretofore unheard of in Latin School. It seemed that uncertainty was to reign for some time. Then someone recalled that 'Order is Heaven's first law,' and miraculously enough, mainly through the Herculean effort of Mr. Benson and Mr. Pierce, masters in charge of transfers and programs, the Senior Class became arranged, and — Confusion was no more.”

Leonard S. Burkat, '36.

ALUMNI NOTES

“Bill” Nolan, last year's class president, was tendered a farewell party by some of his classmates before he left to study for the priesthood. He hopes to become a missionary. “Bill” has selected a difficult career, but those who know him best are certain that he will be successful.

Latin School certainly has a fine representation on the college gridirons this year. “Tommy” Bilodeau, Johnny Brassil, and Joe Nee made the varsity at Harvard this year. “Dave” Gavin, one of our former captains, is an important cog in the football machine at Holy Cross this year. George Cutter is playing for Bridgton Academy, and, believe it or not, “Dick” Lawler is not there. It certainly seems

strange not to see those “Crazy Twins” cavorting in the same pastures. “Buddy” McLaughlin has forsaken the gridiron at Dartmouth in order to specialize in baseball. By this decision college football has been robbed of another “Albie” Booth, but we venture to predict a great future for “Mac” on the diamond. He and “Specks” Kelly were working out with the Red Sox this summer. Both were offered contracts, but passed them up in favor of a college education. Out at Boston College we find “Jerry” O’Callaghan and Fred Moore pressing the regulars for a berth on the varsity eleven. “Bull” Belekewicz is one of the brighter lights on the freshman team.

Allan A. Joseph, '36.

RAMBLINGS OF THE REGISTER'S RAVING REPORTER



July 10. Odd sounds arise in homes throughout the country. Sighs, groans, screams, and hysterical laughter disturb our sleep. The College Board results have arrived!

Sept. 5. A queer assemblage, consisting of about a dozen lost souls and a couple of heels, convened at the domus of the big boss, an Indian yclept Eddie-in-Chief. Don't be afraid! It was only the *Register* staff. After five minutes of lengthy argument, it was decided that the R.R.R., the sports column, the humor department, and the cover were unnecessary. Next, the first issue was found to be superfluous; and abolishment of publication was being seriously considered, when the business manager departed, remarking that there was no cents in such procedure!

Sept. 7. Weird rumors abound. We hear from authoritative sources that the school opening may be postponed because of the epidemic of acute anterior poliomyelitis. (*Infantile*, to you.)

Sept. 9. Ring out, wild bells; blow, bugles, blow; hi-de-ho; and boop-boop-a-doop. The gods indeed have smiled, Fate has been kind, our childhood dreams are answered — school has been postponed 'till October 1.

Oct. 1. School.

Oct. 2. Heard in the waste-basket: "Ever read Charles Dickens?" "No, who wrote it?" . . . No assembly yet. Something's brewing, and it's not the tea in Mr. Carroll's room.

Oct. 4. Several boys roasted in Mr. Henderson's French class today, and not on a spit, either. (We realize that spit is a horrid word, but what can you *expectorate*? Alas and alack. Also heck.) Rumor has it that there will be only two outside activities for each pupil this year. Now the R.R.R. must make a decision between licking stamps and cleaning the cobwebs from the chess-fiends.

Oct. 7. The Dramatic Club intends to present the "Merchant of Venice" this year. That's one instance where the quality of mercy will be strained.

Oct. 8. Football practice is now in full swing. The R.R.R. went out for the team, and Mr. Fitzgerald, after much red tape, finally secured him the enviable position of nickel-back (on the bottle). . . . Inhuman and horrible sounds put the entire school on the verge of insanity. Several casualties reported. Reason: The Glee Club had its first rehearsal today. . . . This week's quiz for the mentally deficient: Why is a top that spins? Answer: The higher, the fewer. (No, we don't get it, either.)

Oct. 9. Mr. Winslow, upon hearing his Latin class making sport of one poor individual's recitation, remark-

ed: "Well, the rest of them have given you a raspberry; so now I'll give you a plum." As a matter of fact, he gave him a pair. (Heh! Heh!)

Oct. 10. The entire senior class was in deep mourning over the passing of the Ancient Order of Declamation. This interesting relic of the Inquisition will be perpetuated by Professor Gushmore Lowdlie, in a book entitled "Declamation", Or Why Boys Leave Homeroom."

Oct. 14. First meeting of the Debating Society today. President Ober insisted on something or other, and Secretary Miller recorded it, it seems. Well! Well! Today, a group of English sharks in Mr. Sheehan's class were watching from the window the fair Simmonsites bow-and-arrow-ing, when some uncouth person hooted from his seat, "How are they?" "Well," wailed a wag at the window, "they have their points."

Oct. 15. We certainly miss Mr. Norton's face and figure running about the building. (The figure, we mean.) Wish you were back, "Uncle Billy!" Mr. Pennypacker is still on duty down in the lunch-room. . . . First meeting of the Physics club. Mr. Wales emphatically declared that he would not favor anyone in Physics merely because he had joined the club. There was no regular speaker, so Greenberg, Shore, Sullivan, and Turetzky were elected "to see what they could do about it."

Oct. 16. TWO DEAD AND SEVEN DYING! Not an Ethiopian war bulletin, no fire, football fracas, or earth-

quake. Merely the nomination papers being issued at Latin School. Some cheerful person hung a blackboard eraser from Room 335 down to Mr. Marson's room, and the shadow on the window shade looked so suspiciously like the figure of a gallows, that several members of the class literally squirmed in their seats.

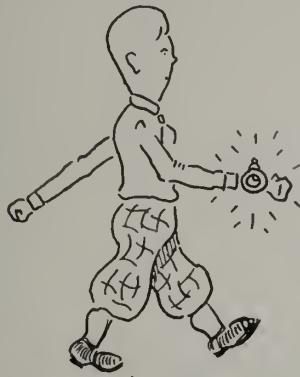
Oct. 17. Several teachers mysteriously baffled by the great exodus in the 6th period today. But the shadow knows. There was a football game: Latin vs. Memorial. The score: 19-0. Have you seen our new gridiron 12? At one point in the game Latin had 12 men on the team. Evidently they believe there is strength in numbers.

Oct. 18. Have you seen 'em? A number of our friends from the College of Pharmacy turned back the clock today, roaring about the streets on old-fashioned bikes and tandems at the terrific clip of 7 miles an hour. . . . Announcement: The R.R.R. hereby institutes a grand mastergram contest, the prize for which shall be two celluloid elastics and one broken red-lead pencil. (A mastergram, as formally defined in the rules and regulations, is a pun, joke, queer remark, witticism, or cute saying, original or otherwise, stated or written, by a master of the school.) This month's award goes to Mr. Winslow, but it is truly a shame that such a magnificent gift should reward such a "fruitile" attempt at humor. Get busy, masters. Earn your supply, too.

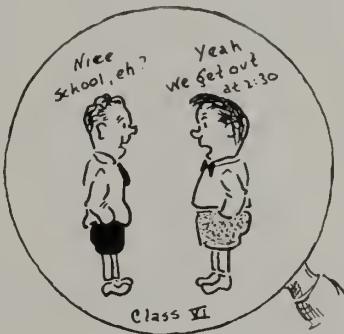
Register's Raving Reporter.



FAMILIAR SCENES by M.W. Bullock



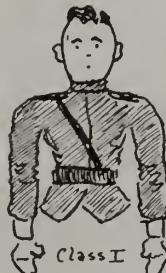
Class IV B
His graduation present



Class IV
His first long trousers



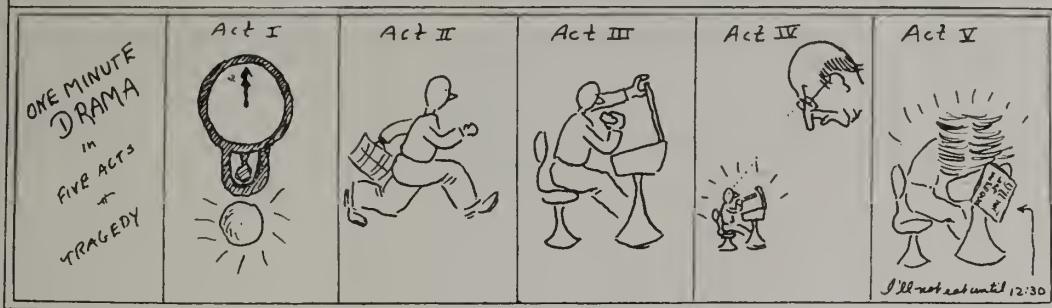
Drill: Class IV B



Class I
The senior uniform: It's in its fourth year



Classes I-VI
More material for lunch period than all the others together





There once was a lady from Guam
Who said, "Now the sea is so calm
I will swim for a lark;"
But she met with a shark
Let us now sing the ninetieth psalm.

—
"I heard your daughter speaks
Esperanto. Does she speak it flu-
ently?"
"Just like a native."

—
Spectator: "The companies seemed
to show a good deal of spice in that
squad movement."

Colonel: "You should see them
when they're mustered!"

—
"Didn't I tell you to have that his-
tory lesson learned for today?"

"Yes, sir."
"Then how is it you can't repeat a
single word of it?"
"Well, I took it for granted that
history repeats itself."

—
"That teacher makes little things
count."
"Indeed?"
"Yes, he teaches Math to Class VI."

—
Little we think.
Little we do.
It puzzles me
How we get through.

—
Pupil: "Couldn't you give me a
better mark than zero?"
Pitiless Pedagogue: "Yess, I might
double it. Good-day."

—
Heard in the lunch-room: "So this
is what you call cake, eh? Well, you
can't make me swallow that!"

—
The poor, benighted Hindoo,
He does the best he kindoo
He sticks to caste,
From first to last,
For pants he makes his skindoo.



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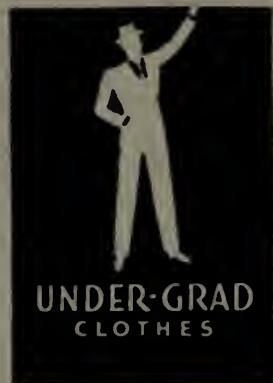
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DAY DIVISION

COLLEGE OF LIBERAL ARTS

Offers a broad program of college subjects serving as a foundation for the understanding of modern culture, social relations, and technical achievement. The purpose of this program is to give the student a liberal and cultural education and a vocational competence which fits him to enter some specific type of useful employment.

COLLEGE OF BUSINESS ADMINISTRATION

Offers a college program with broad and thorough training in the principles of business with specialization in ACCOUNTING, BANKING AND FINANCE, or BUSINESS MANAGEMENT. Instruction is through lectures, solution of business problems, class discussions, motion pictures and talks by business men.

COLLEGE OF ENGINEERING

Provides complete college programs in Engineering with professional courses in the fields of CIVIL, MECHANICAL, ELECTRICAL, CHEMICAL, INDUSTRIAL ENGINEERING, and ENGINEERING ADMINISTRATION. Students select, at the beginning of the Sophomore year, the course in which they intend to specialize.

Co-operative Plan

The Co-operative Plan provides for a combination of practical industrial experience with classroom instruction. The student earns a portion of his school expenses and forms business contacts which prove valuable in later years.

Degrees Awarded

Bachelor of Arts

Bachelor of Science

EVENING DIVISION

(FOR MEN AND WOMEN)

Providing complete courses of university grade in business and law, for high school graduates who find it necessary to work during the day but wish to study for further advancement.

SCHOOL OF BUSINESS

Programs in accounting, business administration, and combined law and business, under instructors actually engaged in the business that they teach.

73% of graduates hold executive positions in business. Preparation for the C. P. A. examinations. School grants B. B. A. degree. Individual courses available to special students.

SCHOOL OF LAW

Four-year course. Confers the LL.B. degree. Graduates of this school eligible for the Massachusetts Bar Examination.

Case method of instruction similar to that used in best day law schools. A School of high standards adapted to the needs of employed men and women. Alumni outstandingly successful as lawyers, judges, business executives.

Graduates of Boston Latin School may be admitted without examinations if grades are satisfactory to the Department of Admissions.

Catalogs or further information sent upon request

NORTHEASTERN UNIVERSITY

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS